Other statesmen, all of them in fact who

tiger and the underground rumshop!

words of the Munich "Bilderbogen" carica-

ures, with their hearty fun, now throw

light on a Germany that is disappearing

picture books for grownup people were

bright and witty; even when they became a

adapters and imitators, would become the

chief reliance of colored Sunday supple-

ments for a generation that is too indolent

of Archbishop DANIEL MUBPHY of Hobart.

Tasmania, whose death in his ninety-third

year is announced. He was the last sur-

viving Bishop consecrated by Pope GREG-

ORY XVI. That was in 1846, and he had thus

Mutiny and was transferred to the Van

Diemen's Land diocese forty-six years ago

It is learned "from an authoritative

source" in St. Petersburg that the Russian

Government intends to build five fighting

fleets to cost from \$1,500,000,000 to \$2,000,-

000,000, two to be stationed in the Pacific.

two in the Baltic and one in the Black Sea.

from the fact that one-fifth of the smaller

total named would pay for a fleet about

Evans commands on the "practice cruise."

INGRAM M. RICHARDSON and ANDREW J.

prove that the smaller the claim the more

Eugene Baylor's Music.

"The Star Spangled Banner" as a national air

But I want to say that more than twenty years ago

I heard a man interpret on a grand plane in the

least seeemed to contain all the elements of fire

been at the plane ten minutes before the big see

ond story parlor was filled by appreciative listeners.

recall distinctly the presence of Henry Watter-

son. Pat Gilmore, E. E. Rice, Charley Graham,

Chandos Fulton and many others of equal or almost

equal consequence. The planist of the occasion is

an old man now. He was past fifty then. Trav-ellers, litterateurs, musicians, artists, all sat de-

lighted while he played. And when he gave "The

Margrave Galop"-the air to which I refer-the

applause was as sincere as it was intelligent, I have

The Loom of Compulsory Athletics.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Is it to come

ers recently in this city. What a delicious albeit

with Sargent! How richly illustrative of "modern"

A Delaware Poet.

"There is no doubt that drunkenness can be ured by Christian psychology," said Bishop Fal-ows.—The Sun's news columns.

Whenever we're in trouble we write letters to Twn

We ask it how to spell a word and who will bell

But THE SUN 'most always answers, and tells us

There's none that's so important as the on

TRE SUN's report quite verified, or is it just sur-

Is there psychologic cure for-a gentlemanly

As Evans Sails: Marine Poem by a Japanese.

Grim Togo smiled as Rojestvensky sailed. Fore-doomed the Baltic fleet.

'If froile, come along, we'll join the fun.

If fight, why then we'll meet you, gun to gun.

Togo asks, as Evans sails: "Are friends or

With all important questionings its columns over-

In all the multiplicity of queries that arise

before the house;

WILMINGTON, Del., January 11.

onscious admission of "educational"

the University of Chicago Press last week.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-SIT!

pulses, It is instinct with splendid harmo

lot of them put together.

NEW YORK, January 13.

BROOKLYN, January 11.

the cat;

quickly it will be passed.

with estimates.

because his health had broken down.

But why forget Passons?

trifle broad it was innocent enough fun.

improbable event of its success.

the District of Columbia:



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f our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have rejected articles returned they enust in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

Is Lantry Responsible?

The fire in a twelve story structure last Friday night in which a number of firemen lost their lives while yet others were badly injured demands the serious consideration of the whole public. The water pressure in the mains was inadequate and the fire hose was rotten. In our opinion the individuals who sold the hose and the officials who bought it should be dealt with by the Grand Jury and, their culpability being ascertained, indicted for manslaughter.

It is confessed that the Fire Department is supplied with inferior hose and that it habitually fails to replace impaired or deteriorated hose with hose of standard and approved quality. If this is true, and unfortunately it seems to be true. Fire Commissioner LANTRY should he indicted. His responsibility is far more obvious than that of the high officials of railroads whom it has been sought to incriminate in respect of recent accidents. His control and his authority over his department are absolute, and if he has connived at or ignored the purchase of inferior supplies or has tolerated the use by the department of supplies which should have been condemned he ought to be sent to jail for an exemplary term of years.

In respect to the rank and file of the Fire Department it may be said that they are an admirable body of men and cleaner and of better repute than any other body of men in the public service. Both their personal safety and their efficiency are of the gravest concern to the whole community. What is to be expected of them if the mingled graft and politics of the administration of the department endanger their lives and nullify their energy and courage? This is not quite Russia, where a privileged class builds warships of papier maché with armor of painted wood and is held immune by its own bureaucracy. Here the responsibility is direct to the people, and the people are not always supine.

There is not another city in the world. even if it be built of timber, which is so dependent upon its firefighting efficiency for its very existence as is New York. It is doubtful also if there is another city of importance in which the management and control of the water distribution is as criminally negligent and incapable. It is generally impossible when an emergency occurs to increase the pressure at the hydrants until long after the emergency has departed.

Perhaps public opinion will be aroused to the extent of placing the responsibility where it belongs.

France and Morocco.

The embarrassing situation in which France, cramped as she is by the Algeciras convention, has been placed for months with reference to Morocco has now been greatly aggravated by the species of revolution which occurred at the close of last week in Fez, the most important of the three cities-the two others are Morocco and Mequinez-each of which at one time or another has figured as the capital of the Moorish Empire in northwest Africa. After three days rioting the Ulemas-men learned in Moslem law-were prevailed upon to depose Sulfan ABDUL AZIZ, who has been recognized by all the European Powers and who took part in the Algeciras conference, and to proclaim his brother, MULAI HAPID, as Sultan in his stead. According to a telegram from Tangier the new Sultan was proclaimed almost simultaneously at Mequinez.

The grounds on which the deposition of ABDUL AZIZ is justified are undisputed and naturally excite Moorish fanaticism. It is unquestionably true that he has held intercourse with the European Powers, borrowed money from them, employed foreign officers, mortgaged the customs, allowed a Christian Power (France) to occupy two Moorish towns and received various foreign decorations. As every one of these acts has been committed also by Sultan ABDUL HAMID, who professes to be Caliph of Islam, it is hard to understand why the Ulemas of Fez should request MULAI HAFID to place himself under the protection of the Ottoman ruler. Of course no such protection would ever be accorded by ABDUL HAMID, who has troubles of his own.

An analysis of the several telegraphed reports does not warrant the assertion that the Ulemas of Fez have made their recognition of MULAI HAFID contingent on his declaration of a jehad, or holy war. On the contrary, they seem to have acknowledged that the Algeciras convention must remain in force with the exception of the clause providing for an international police in the seaports. They seem, however, to have insisted that access to the interior of Morocco shall be prohibited to Europeans, who with the Jews should be confined to certain quarters in specified seaports.

We scarcely need to point out that the crucial feature of the Algeoiras convention was the clause relating to an international police. If this were to be conference would amount to nothing,

and practically France and Spain would than they are at twice the distance in be remitted to the status which they occupied before the assembling of that body. If France persists in treating the Algeciras convention as binding she must logically upholds the sovereignty of ABDUL AZIZ. In that event she will grant, wholly or in part, his request for a loan of \$30,000,000, and will use military force to defend his claim to the throne. Indeed, General D'ARMADE, who is now 80 50 the French commander at Casablanca, is said to have sent already from 1,500 to 4,000 men to Rabat, where ABDUL AZIZ has taken refuge.

Before entering definitely, however, on a course which might be viewed with France a preponderant position in Morocco, it plainly would be expedient for the French Government to consult with all the Powers signatory to the Algeciras act as to what steps should be taken in the new situation created by the proclamation of MULAI HAFID at Fez and Mequinez. This precaution Premier CLEMENCEAU, we learn by telegram from Paris, does not intend to overlook. One thing is certain, namely, that if France shall undertake to restore the authority of ABDUL AZIZ, and with that object in view shall find herself constrained to occupy the three interior cities of Morocco, Fez and Mequinez, she will need a far larger military force than hitherto has been employed by her in northwest Africa, especially as it would doubtless prove requisite to maintain for some time a garrison in each of the three cities named.

The despatch to Morocco of 80,000 or even 50,000 soldiers would weaken materially the defensive strength of France in Europe, and the present French Government would doubtless hestitate to confront such a risk unless previously it could arrive at a friendly understanding with Germany. The chance of reaching such an understanding is believed to have been improved by the cordial welcome which the Kaiser lately received from the English ally of France.

"Surgeon-Admiral."

The proposed compromise on the line and staff controversy in the navy outlined by Commander KEY, U. S. N., and apparently approved by President ROOSEVELT will not in our opinion meet the views of the staff officers at all. It is no part of their ambition to be identified in the public mind with the various occupations they actually pursue. "Surgeon-Admiral" is not in the least an answer to Dr. RIXEY's real purposes. It would not fulfil the hopes nor satisfy the pretensions of Chief Constructor CAPPS to have himself permanently labelled "Constructor-Admiral CAPPS." And so on throughout the entire list of landsmen and civilians. Indeed, if the dispensation in question were once legally installed and it were made to extend the revised nomenclature to the visiting cards of the individuals concerned, the whole atmosphere would be tortured by piercing cries of menace and of protest. It would be a case of turmoil worse confounded.

But why not utilize the idea of that lamented wit and humorist, the late M. OFFENBACH? "Old timers" have surely not forgotten "La Vie Parisienne" and the truly inspired fashion in which the immortal funmaker disposed of the Ad-"L'Amiral Suisse." There is a splendid, warlike sound, and set how fraught with delicate evasion! Le Capitaine Suisse, L'Amiral Suisse, and so on! Dr. RIXEY himself could hardly object to that. It would look well in the fashion notes of dinners, receptions, &c., and yet it would sufficiently describe the boundary line for such as wish to know the facts.

We therefore make bold to suggest "L'Amiral Suisse" as a common ground of compromise upon which all can assemble with self-respect and genuine amiability.

Creative Ability Needed on the Public Utilities Commission.

A conservative estimate of the number of passengers which the Brooklyn tunnel is capable of transporting in one direction in an hour appears to be 16,000. The estimate is arrived at from the official schedule, according to which trains are run on a three minute headway during the periods of maximum traffic in the morning and in the evening. Each train consists of eight cars. The seating capacity of every car is fiftytwo, and it is assumed that forty-eight strap hangers may occupy the aisle without too much discomfort.

This computation allows 100 passeners to the car. It is said that the Manhattan subway cars have at times carried as many as 125 persons, but when the tendency of passengers to crowd into the middle section of a long train is considered, the average capacity can hardly be more than 100. It certainly cannot exceed this number without reproducing the Brooklyn Bridge congestion in the

Brooklyn tunnel. For the sake of argument, however, the larger figure may be accepted, in which case the capacity of the tube would be 20,000 passengers an hour. That would be not quite once again the number of passengers which the elevators in a single downtown office building will be able to carry in the same space of time without crowding. The twentyone standard plunger elevators in the new City Investing Building are designed to transport comfortably 10,500 people an hour. The provision is not excessive, for the permanent tenantry of the build-

ing is estimated at 10,000. One of the newspaper accounts of the second or third day's travel in the tunnel contained this observation:

"It was noticed that a number of people wh formerly made use of the Wall street and Fulton street ferries patronized the Interborough's trains in preference to the old routes. Most of the crowd that boarded the trains at Borough Hall were dropped at the downtown stations below Brooklyn Bridge. Only a minority rode as far as Fulton

The inference is that the bulk of the passengers belonged to the regular day population of the downtown office building district. Only a fraction of this population lives now in Brooklyn, but the tunnel will no doubt induce an instricken out the work of the Algeciras creasing proportion to seek homes in that borough, where rents are far lower

upper Manhattan and The Bronx.

The Public Service Commission talks of pushing the work of extending the tunnel beyond the Long Island Railroad station. The tunnel, as a matter of fact, is already inadequate, carrying more passengers than it can transport with comfort while not yet required to handle the Long Island commuting traffic. Indeed, the commission is wholly innocent in this as in its other public utterances of furnishing any ground for suspicion that it has the least comprehension of our transportation problem. It pothers mightily over the relict schemes of the old Rapid Transit Board. disapproval at Berlin, as likely to give These projects, never remarkable for insight, appear contemptible to-day, when recent improvements in passenger elevators have made forty-eight story buildings not only feasible, but profitable.

When three new skyscrapers to be opened downtown next May will have between them a tenantry of 20,000 people -as many people as the Brooklyn tunnel can carry out of the district during the hour of maximum travel in the eveningit must be evident that this town needs creative ability of the first order to amend the transit situation.

The Unspoken Speech. The Hon. JEFF DAVIS, the Low Combed Rooster of the Hillbillies, deprived Jackson day in Chicago of its brightest expectation. He was to have thundered and lightened at a dinner of the Jefferson Club on the "Dangers That Threaten the Republic." Nothing makes a "Jeffersonian" Democrat so happy as a view of the republic going on the rocks unless Mr. BRYAN throws out the lifeline in time. However, the Hon. JEFF DAVIS is nearer the great heart of the peo-pul than even the "Jeffersonian" Democracy of Chicago. He is the paragon of the "Jeff" Democracy, and he digs his spurs viciously at all the "high combed roosters" of plutocracy. A warm welcome awaited him; a treat to the dining Jeffersonian Democrats of Cook county. But that honored guest did not come; and the dangers that threaten the republic will have to be revealed at Washington.

Presumably the infernal railroads must have been the cause of Mr. Davis's absence from that feast of statesmen. We can imagine no other reason; and the friends of humanity may be surprised that these corporations did not slay or maim the inexhaustible tribune of the rights of man. Arkansas supposed that he was at the banquet and telegrams of inquiry came flying in: "How is he dressed?" "Has he got a dress suit on?" It is the hope of the traitors in his State that the Low Combed Rooster will dress himself in the borrowed plumes of aristocrats, and so forfeit the love of his followers. But we may be sure that no timidity or doubt about his clothes vexed the mind of Mr. Davis. He was kept away by abhorrent forces. It is easy to scent a conspiracy in this enforced

absence. Some hostile and brutal Republican observer, chuckling at a crime, tries to paint in the Chicago Tribune the depression of a lover of his country who sees her dangers but has been prevented from unveiling them:

"The Senator declined to reveal in the way of interview any of the dangers of which he had inmiral without command by calling him f tended to give warning. Whether it was the dangers he contemplated or his regret in losing out on Democracy that his heart ached for his country and to United States Senator BILL STONE he confided that his head ached for fair. He was in a stage where 'Sure! MIRE!' was his reiterated answer to questions as to whether or not BRTAN could carry 'Arkansaw.'

"The actions of Senator Davis during the day left no doubt that he would consider any further oppression by the ice trust tending toward a curtailment of the free and unlimited distribution of ice for heads one of the gravest dangers confronting a convivial nation.

The Senator spent the day within easy reach of a pitcher of ice water."

Apparently this prejudiced reporter expected to find a couple of United States Senators tucking away wassail at breakfast in a public restaurant. Possibly the victories of prohibition in the South will yet make an impression even on the dull ear of Cook county. Senator Davis's remarks show that ice water didn't chill the genial current of his soul, although the reporter maliciously describes him as "feeling grumpy." The born financier, the careful student of politics and the master of "genial" style all appear in his talk:

" What we need is a currency we can grind out whenever it is needed, just like running coffee through a mill, added Senator Davis. " ! Will BRYAN be your State convention's choice?

the reporter asked Senator Davis. " 'Sure, MIKE,' replied Senator DAVIS, 'unless ROOSEVELT runs. If the President runs, BRYAN probably will have to go back to the farm and the

" 'No, no; you're wrong there,' said Senator

" 'I tell you. BILL. ROOSEVELT is the only man who stands a show against BRYAN,' reiterated Senator DAVIS. 'ROOSEVELT is the people's idol.'

Of course neither Mr. BRYAN nor Mr. ROOSEVELT is among the dangers that threaten the Republic, JEFF will deal with these perils when he comes to this town, provided the railroads don't run off the track or delay their schedules in order to keep the public in ignorance of the awful truth still enclosed in the Low Combed Rooster.

An amusing situation in the District of Columbia has been created by the various crusades, moral, economic, political and otherwise, which have been launched against that unhappy and unprotected territory. All the busybody societies, com posed of worthy ladies who have nothing to do at home and directed by more or less righteous gentlemen unable to find a salary elsewhere, appear to have established their emples at Washington and to have made that stricken capital the theatre of their most deplorable activities. It is hard on Washington, but it must contribute to the gayety of the nation as a whole.

Our sympathies go out to the national capital, but our sense of humor is titillated by the spectacle of cheap statesmen elbowing and hustling each other to strike an attitude of buckram virtue exclusively for home consumption, though always at the expense of helpless Washington. Take, for example, the spectacle of the Hon. Taxros WILBETTE SIMS of Tennessee, representing a truly dry and pious district of his native -or adopted-State. He injects into the

newspapers the suggestion of a froglike aspiration. Senator CLAY of Georgia presides over a symposium of ultra pious uproar. The Hon, BEN TILLMAN consents to an eruptive function in respect of socalled decency. "Our JEFF," the Arkausas

AROUND THE GALLERIES.

For a few days at the Union League Club there was wall music of a noble quality. A small orchestra of eighteen discoursed a symphony of landscape and figure painting, the performers being Rembrandt, Turner, Corot, Lawrence, Raeburn, Van Dyck, Rey-Demosthenes, will lend his penetrating nolds, Hobbema, El Grecc, Hals, Rousseau, bray to the general hullabaloo before long. Gainsborough, Hoppner, Cayp. Millet, Romney, Ostade and Titian. The generous are willing to sacrifice Washington in the impresario who made possible this bouquet nterests of their personal interests, will join of harmonies is Mr. Henry C. Frick. And the crusade against home government in while it is ungrateful to indulge in the proverbial stare at the mouth of a gift horse, And why not? With the completion of one sighs that the days were so quickly the new "office buildings" for Congress numbered for this superb gathering of almost any lawmaker can have a committee masterpieces. Why, even the chilly blood room and a locker. What a moral specof a picture dealer must have coursed hotly acle will then reveal itself? The Governin the veins at the sight of that Turner, that ment forbidding liquor to every one except Hoppner, that Raeburnt The Hobbenia the governors, and the governed reduced to was cunningly hung to face a Rousseauthe expedients of the deadfall, the blind the old Dutchman and the new Frenchman. If Constable was affected by the Hobbema We said "amusing," but that a jective was tradition Rousseau did not escape him ntended to refer to the agitation, not to the either; fine examples in both cases. Not as distinguished as the "Avenue Mittelharnis" in the Royal Gallery, Mr. Frick's Hobbema The art and the humor of WILHELM -a view of a woody country-is a noble Busch were thoroughly German, German specimen of the unhappy Myndert. The of the good old times before the war with Rousseau is the "Village of Becquigny," a France, which even the modern "world clear toned canvas, French in its delicate Power" enthusiasts who ridicule them look articulations and more nervous and intense back to with some affection and regret. than the easygoing Hobbema's vision of In "Max und Moritz" he created a classic a homelike countryside with big white clouds for the nursery, a worthy successor of sailing lazily across the sky. "Struwwelpeter," and the stories without

The Rembrandt portrait of himself was

shown at the Metropolitan Museum in Gal-

lery 24. It is the elder Rembrandt, sombre,

disillusioned, arrayed in that smothered fast. The jingles which he wrote for his golden robe. The headgear throws a heavy shadow over the upper part of the face, which in expression is both profound and phlegmatic. A remarkable Rembrandt! Busch never could have foreseen that his Sir Anthony Van Dyck looked across from ideas, coarsened [in spirit and in art by the other end of the gallery. It was the portrait of Marchesa Giovanna Cattaneo. The flesh tones seemed a little hot, but there was no mistaking the courtly posing and masterly handling. A curious smile does the Marchesa wear, rather supercilious, yet TAFT and WOODBUFF, heavyweight and sweet; like the glitter of a dagger in the sunbantam, the All-Yale ticket; rah! rah! rah! shine. It was interesting to note the flat background of Van Dyck in contrast to the mysterious well of shadows from which A remarkable ecclesiastical record is that emerged Rembrandt's head. Corot was a morning piece on Lao de Garde. It is well known picture, not precisely rarest of the Corots, nevertheless of beauty and distinction. The English group was strong Sir Joshua's "Countess Harcourt." John been a Bishop for sixty-one years. He was Hoppner's "Miss Byng"-with its fluffy born the day of the battle of Waterloo, was material around a delicious throat-Romin charge of his see in India during the ney's lovely Lady Hamilton as "Nature" -a dewy creature—Raeburn's solidly painted "Mrs. Cruikshank," with her furs and light gown-portraiture as excellent in its manner as Hals-and Gainsborough's "Mrs. Hatchett," rather light in handling. recalling a French master of miniature in its enamel surface of visage and also a trifle finicking, were all pictures that did not belie the names that signed them. The portrait of Franz Hals by himself belongs The value of this information may be judged to the group of this Dutch master, one of the greatest manipulators of paint the world has ever witnessed. There is a quizzical three times as strong as that which Admiral look in the eye, a little touch of disdain, even insolence. He sits looking across the canvas The resuscitators of Russia as a sea power at you, knowing his supremacy. He holds should be more moderate when they juggle the brush carelessly, yet it might be a rapier if he were hard pressed the brush of Hala was a weapon, not the tempered blade of The United States as a debtor is slow Velasquez, but faultless when wielded by a pay, if not sure. Among the claims allowed faultless painter. What passages of color! What free rhythmic brush work, what by the auditor for the War Department in the last fiscal year were those of HEZEKIAH bravura! The Titian portrait of Pietro DAVIS, GEORGE DIXON, EDWARD GERVAIS, Aretino-who unlike the devil was blacker than he was painted-is not so compelling FETHEROW for "transportation services and a masterpiece as the Hals. It is not opulent supplies of Oregon and Washington volun- of color and does not match the same

teers in 1855 and 1856." The Richardson claim artist's Aretino of the Pitti gallery. was for \$3.87. The Navy Department allowed Nevertheless, imposing, magisterial, the a number of claims dating from 1863, one of painting of the sleeve in browns that them being for \$3.61. The Southern Pacific | modulate into faint plum color betrays the company succeeded in getting 55 cents on noblest Venetian of them all. Van Ostade is hung so badly that it loses one-half its a claim five years old. This looks like was represented by one of his familiar inn favoritism to a great corporation, or it may subjects. Theotocopuli, called El Greco, a lighted in the daytime and they are not symin his characteristic "St. Jerome," a lean white beard. The texture of his robe is To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: We have waited patiently for a specific suggestion growing out of your very appropriate condemnation of Cuyp that we have seen in America for Convinced that some native American must have years. And the Turner-a view of Antwerp composed music worthy of the subject and that harbor, with troubled waters, a breezy sky another native American can provide suitable words for it, we have nevertheless waited in vain. and some vessels tumbling about. On the atern of one the painter Van Goven is supposed to be standing in search of a pictorial otos Club of this city a quickstep which to me at subject. A wonderful high keyed Turner, rhythm, passion and exaltation which one expects full of broken lights and miraculous chords n a truly representative national air. He had not

of gorgeous color. After all the time may arrive when the abused multimillionaire may be among the canonized of the land because of his artistic proclivities. Henry James once said that music was a solvent. He might have added-and also pictorial art. What would we care who made a nation's laws if we could feed our fill on great art!

What a tempting antithesis it would be to

conjure up the differences between the Frick since heard the same air rendered in chords and reduced to the tempo of a march. I have also heard it converted to the uses of an anthem. But pictures and the Special Exhibition of Contemporary Art-as the catalogue pompously in every aspect it satisfies the ear and moves the puts it-at the National Arts Club! How we could rake fore and aft the middle aged and with uplifting stimulus. If any one has ever composed a national air more satisfying I have yet young fellows who dare to see with their to hear it or to be told about it.

Eugene Baylor is a Southerner, an ex-Confedown eyes, see ugliness principally, but at least see individually! With the big stick erate. He lives in Winchester, Va., withdrawn afar of Hals, of Rembrandt, of Titian, we would from the noisy and tempestuous world. But as I have heard him, so also I have heard the compowhack their insurgent skulls. Or with sitions of our latter day creators, and I say that even now he has more inspiration in his soul and poisoned honey smile compare the crude canvases of the Americans with the mellow more compelling music in his fingers than the whole productions of Hoppner, Reynolds, Romney. But we shall do nothing of the kind. for the retort discourteous would surely be. "Hang the old masters-we are the new! Therefore we modulated to Hast Nineteenth at last, the day prophesied when I was in college street by easy stages, dropping in at Keptwenty-five years ago? Are athletics to be made compulsory, nearly or quite everything else re-maining "elective," as before? Such is the sugpel's Early Italian Engravers and ther gazed at the Synge etchings. By the time the Arts Club was reached black and white gestion of Dudley A. Sargent of Harvard in the January number of the School Review, issued from had worked its will upon eyes saturated with masterpieces. And the walls of the Arts "Everything in the school is good but the scholar-ship," said a manual training principal to his teach-Club galleries, crowded with dissonances,

asymmetrical extravagances by the Uglicists and the School of Smart for Smart, did not shock our retina so long as might have been expected. It was like coming away from a fairy dream spectacle, where the actors, melodious of speech, moved in solemn processional rhythms in a No Man's Land of grace, of sweetness, of beauty. And then you step out of doors into a bath of multitude, as you do when leaving "Parsifal" in the heart of the Tenderloin district. But it is life even if it is an awakening from a dream. Above all, it is Now and not the epoch of the Renaissance. Two or three hundred years hence the scribes of those days will point to the visionary ideals of Courbet, of Manet, will quote the idyllic washerwomen of Degas, the dreamy landscapes of Monet, the tender nudes of Césanne as the only true, great art the art of Beauty with a capitalized B. It's all in the glance of the eye, as poor old Beau Brummel remarked; but back of the eye will be a new brain with new films, new ideas-it is the lookeron who always finishes the picture. Heaven knows, color photography may have become such a success then that the Steichens and Stieglitzes of those days will smile patronizingly when the names of Velasquez, Titian or Giorgione are mentioned! Where are

the Smearers of yesteryear? As Evans sails, and Togo waits, the dread of war Mr. James, who is always worth quoting All nations watch with anxious eyes as Evans sails. even when you can't understand him, once KEROUTCHEI of Tokio. wrote 'propos of "Hedda Gabler": "There

are many things in the world that are past finding out, and one of them is whether the subject of a work had not better have been another subject. We shall always do well to leave that matter to the author the may have some secret for solving the riddle); so terrible would his revenge easily become we were to accept the responsibility for his theme." So, too, the folly of quartelling with a painter on the score of his subject. We never flout the men who manufacture pictures by copying; their choice is dictated by mercenary reasons; that suffices to exclude them from the pale of criticism. But because we are not catholic in our fympathies why should we dare to tell any one man or group of men what themes they should select? Or that they should paint after the manner of Correggio or Bonnat or Lawrence and Raphael? A criticism and an acute one about the Big Four of the realisti, Luks, Henri, Glackens, Lawson (there is no meaning in the order of these names-we are not looking for landslides), is that three of them are trying to paint like Gova. Surely no worse a proceeding than trying to paint like Velasquez, Manet, Chase, Alexander, Monet, Whistler or Bouguereau. The four are realists, yet no one of the four resembles his fellow. The exuberance and crass power of Luks is not echoed in Henri's sober and solid canvases: Lawson is sui generis-you could pick out a Lawson even if it hung in a Parisian autumn salon; while Glackens envisages life with an absolutely different eye from the other three. Luks and Lawson are the colorists of the four; character, psychology, breadth and subtlety of vision you will find in Henri and Glackens. Henri sounds the broader calmer, more virile note. If there is any twist of temperament, any corner of street that is unlike its neighbors, Glackens is the man to catch and depict the variations.

His work is more complex, troubled, exasperated than Henri's. His portrait of a lady at the National Arts is a case in point. The construction is capital; a living woman is built up before you, and the surfaces of her gown and coat are simply stunning in their actuality. The head is that of a quaint girl full of diabolic humor, kept well in hand but sizzling through the curiously shaped eye apertures. Whistler would have gone wild over such a and placed on flicity ground within the canctuary subtle subject. And there is a Whistler, of a patch of bull briers. At daybresk McDaniels, subtle subject. And there is a Whistler over the fireplace at this exhibition which illustrates his fondness for the exotic in character. A prim lady with a sour regard it is, delicately brushed in, misty in its forms and in its tonal gradations and nuances

exquisite. No evasions of any sort for Mr. Glackens though technically considered his swift simplifications, deformations and abbreviations are sometimes breathcatching. He never shirks a problem because it may happen to have the look of the unfamiliar. His young lady is not pretty; he says so in his frankest brush terms. But she is better than pretty. She is full of character. Before the simpler difficulties evoked by a masculine portrait Glackens is the same searcher for the characteristic, not the effective. The full length of "Mr. Fitzgerald" shows a tall, lean young man whose eardless face, clean modelled features and delicate contours of head reveal the man of artistic or poetic temperament. There is a faint savor of the dramatic in the management of attitude and posture of accessories. And the tumbledown bit of Montmartre which Glackens shows on the same wall is like an act of Charpentier's "Louise" it was painted on the same spot. A discouraging theme for a painter in whom the spirit of bravura might happen to be ingrained. Ugly, open air, a breezy day, a boy flying a kite, some anonymous rusty folk happening by; all caught in the act. Paris lies below; you smell dear old dirty Montmartre, the home of humbugging and genius.

Of Luks there is little new to be said except that his "Pawnbroker's Daughter" tonal values. These galleries are poorly painter of violent, morbid styles, was seen | pathetic in their arrangement. Macbeth's was much better for the Luks pictures old ascetic with a disputatious mouth, sus- The new one of his, a woman with a baby, picious eyes, slightly askew, and a long contains a magnificent passage of dark blue on the wing of a macaw. The baby's head vivid in tone. Cuyp's herdsmen and cows looks as if it had just emerged from a bucket on a river bank proves fresher than any of boiling water—as baby's heads sometimes will look despite the protestations of admiring relatives. But it is a real babya pulpy, shapeless mass of pink flesh limply lying across the arm of its bearer. A London bus driver is a scarlet blast, a disreputable brute with the odor of ale on his wet mustaches. His hat is a creation. Why will Mr. Luks paint such people? Are there no nice young men in London, with sleek hair and noses free from the taint of rum? Why, then, will be persist in searching for the same motive that inspired Hals, Teniers: Steen and Morland? Incorrigible man! His "Spielers" is being admired as a revelation by the many visitors to the galleries They console themselves for the most part with the belief that Luks is not an American but a German.

Mr. Henri's portrait of a lady in black was exhibited before, also his very clever negro boy. The Lawson is a capital "Morningside Heights." Paul Cornoyer's "Madison Square" has before been praised by THE SUN. Irving Wiles brings a well modelled head of Mr. Cornoyer, though it is not flattering. Colin Cooper Campbell has a Dordrecht scene, and John Sloan shows his etchings, two or three portraits the best that of a boy-and his "Girl and Etching Press." which we wrote about when it was exhibited in Philadelphia. Rockwell Kent, promising, strong and rough as to paint, is to be seen in several examples and Carl Sprinchorn, whose ferryboat on the East River we shall never forget-the dreariest, wettest canvas we ever saw, and therein is its power-has hung his "Winter Day." It is realism pushed to the eleventh degree. No mercy is shown to optical sentimentalists. Eugene Higgins's characteristic East Side and Parisian proletarians are to be seen. So are several Mary Cassatts. We haven't the space to devote to a rather curious exhibition, curious chiefly because of its violent contrasts. Hassam, Chase, Shinn, Cimiotti, Boss, A. H. Nesbitaman worth studying-the Dabos, Steichen, William Sartain, a beautiful Twachtmann, Robert Mygatt, and 'much sculpture photography, etchings by Joseph Pennell and fantastic drawings by Pamela Coleman Smith. Let us be catholic and admire all the good things even if they be various. This exhibition lasts until January 25. The motto of the Contemporary Art men, said a wag, should be after Swinburne, slightly altered: To say of color-what is it?

Of drawing-we can miss it. The Schoolboy Sharpshooter.

Mere reading or spelling

The President tells us. Reciting its praises. Which sharpshooting raises,

Is naught but a triffe. Should handle a rifle. He says, without meaning

To bring an indictment. "It leads to cool judgment

True, when the excitement Has gone, with its fury, The judgment most likely

BRYAN IN NEW YORK.

Optimistic Statistics From a Supporter of the Peerless.

TO THE FRITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: "A Democrat for Victory" says Mr. Bryan cannot carry New York State, therefore Mr. Bryan cannot win. In the present demoralized condition of the Republican party Mr. Bryan can and will carry New York State, for the rents in the G. O. P. will widen and deepen as the days go by. Mr. "Democrat for Victory" is very careful not to mention who he thinks can carry New York State. It was

thinks can carry New York State. It was proclaimed before, at and after the St. Louis convention that Alton B. Parker could carry the State and the country.

In 1900 New York State voted: McKinley, S1,992; Bryan, 878,386. In 1904 New York State voted: Mcosevelt. S9,513: Parker, 683,981. This shows Bryan was nearer by 21,946 to carry New York than Mr. Parker was. A glance at the popular vote of the country will prove of interest to "A Democrat for Victory." The vote in 1904 of McKinley was 7,207,923 and for Bryan 6,358,133. McKinley's plurality was 849,790. The vote in 1904 was Roosevelt. 7,623,486: Parker, 5,077,971. Roosevelt's majority was 2,345,515.

This shows Mr. Bryan was nearer by 1,257,162 carrying the country than Mr. Bryan, or who can poli more votes than Mr. Bryan, or who can poli more votes than Mr. Bryan, or who can carry New York State if Mr. Bryan cannot, and at the same time give the reason for his faith?

RYERSON W. JENNINGS.

PHILADELPHIA, January 11.

THE HOPPLED TURKEY. Further Light on the Christmas Tragedy at Pine Knob.

TOTHE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Since my letter appeared in THE SUN of January 7, indicating how Greatness achieved success with the Virginia cottontalls at Pine Knob on Christmas Day and recall ing the ghastly tragedy of last year's turkey hunt. I have received no less than a dozen letters referring to or inquiring about the episode. Some of these communications express ineredulity, others amaze-ment, and a few breathe warm protestations against what they characterize as the dragging forth of a scandal to make a scoffer's holiday. As I would like to but cannot reply individually to all of my courteous correspondents, I must ask The SUN for space in which to endeavor measurably to dissipate the cloud of gossin and conjecture which surrounds

this inglorious adventure.

At Christmas time, 1996, some Pine Knot patrious in charge of the Presidential excursion, with a quickened sense of the possibilities of Federal favors, evolved the idea of lessening the uncertainties of Virginia turkey shooting by meking a fat gobbler a sure enough feature of the landscape. The day before the hunt a wild turkey was hoppled the darky guide, prince of turkey hunters, slo-and unwillingly led the way to the spot; piped a f feeble turkey calls on less quill and was mercifull ordered to withdraw before the execution. It is sometimes well not to sean too closely truths of criticism. Much has been said and much has been written concerning this unsportsmanlike business. Personally, I have always held the President blamcless, yet, it seems reasonable to assume have told him that something was wrong. The American wild turkey is the shyest of game birds. The difference between the actions of a hoppied gobbler and the wary alcriness of one in its native redom is the difference between the dead and the BUDD WARFIELD WARRENTON, Va., January 11.

Well Dressed Statesmen.

From Tit-Bits. Opinions are fairly evenly divided as to Commons. While the most critical cannot find fault with the elegant fit and cut of Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt's attire, some profess even greater admiration for Viscount tia's dark morning coat, dove colored tweed trousers and white gaiters, a costume by which this Irish peer has been known for

which this Irish peer has been known for years.

A lesson on how to dress, however, can always be learned from the appearance of George Wyndham, whose frock coat has been described in the old term—immaculate, Among the literary lights of the House of Commons Sir Gilbert Parker, A. E. W. Mason and Hilaire Belloc have all three found tailors who thoroughly understand the art of making a man look his best, while it is generally granted that Sir John Lawson Walton, K. C. is the best dressed man of the law.

Turning to the House of Lords, there is little to choose between the Earl of Crewand Lord Althorp, the Lord Chamberlain. As "Bobby" Spencer, however, Lord Althorp was known as the "masher of Parliament, and is still regarded as among the first of parliamentary dandies.

Carron and the House of Lords. From the London Daily Chronicls.

of Lords has undergone singular changes in the last dozen years.

I. Mr. Curzon and other eldest sons protest against the compulsion to enter the House of Lords

succession to the peerage. II. Mr. Curzon, on his nomination to the Vice. royalty of India, accepts an Irish peerage with the express purpose of reentering the House of Commons when his term of office in India expired." III. Lord Curzon returns to England, but Mr. Balfour does "not allow him to take his place with

all other ex-Viceroys" in the House of Lords.

IV. Lord Curzon is understood to be ready to reenter the House of Commons on a favorable on portunity arising. Apparently he is still averse to being interned in the House of Lords. V. A swift transformation. Lord Curzon asks

his seat with other ex-Viceroys in the House of Lords. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman seems to have repiled: "Why ask me to do what Mr. Balfour ought to have done?"

VI. Lord Curzon, unable to enter the House of Lords by the ordinary channels, asks the Irish peers to elect him a representative peer.

Wood Pulp in Norway,

Consul Felix S. S. Johnson of Bergen describes the pulp industry of Norway as flourishing. For a long time Norwegian pulp wood has played an important part in supplying the world's needs, while a considerable local demand has been met. In 1906 Norway exported 97,413 tons of paper and its prodvalued at 16,353,200 crowns cents), besides 505,627 tons of wood pulp, worth 31,982,400 crowns. Of the wood pulp the United States took 19,277 tons, Great Britain took 292,371 tons, France 85,808 tons, Beigium 45,609 tons, Hol land, 25,449 tons, Denmark 17.154 tons, Germany went to Sweden, Russia, Portugal, Italy, Mexico Argentina, India, China, Japan and Australia The machinery used in the pulp making is of Norweglan manufacture. About 20 per cent, of Norway covered by forests. Since 1901 the Norwegian Forest Society has planted about 30,000,000 trees. while the Government plants about 1,500,000 a year.

The Spear That Knows No Brother. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: The Brown on-Roosevelt controversy has brought anew into prominence an essential qualification for member friendship with the founder of that immortal organization. High character for truthfulness unbiemished reputation, the approval of all friends and associates had been previous requirements, as was well understood. Admiral Brownson has confirmed the experience of "Dear Bellamy" and "M. Dear Maria" as to the matter of friendship with The Great.

But then, as Parrhaslus said when seeking to "paint a dying groan," he tortured to death the captive: "What's a life like his to a fame like

BROOKLYN, January 11.

The Judge and the Caddy.

From the London Globe.
A youthful witness appeared before one of our Judges who is an ardent golfer. His Lordship, fixing his eye on the boy, inquired: "My boy, do you know the nature of an oath?" The reply was somewish disconcerting: "Yes, my Lord, I am your Lordship's eaddy."

Crookback's Equitation. Richard had just cried: "My kingdom for a "I fear Poosevelt will count me a mollycoddle."

Thus is seen the contaminating influence of aber A Rough Rider. The Headless Horseman had just appeared.

The President's test is to ride without using it." he explained. Herewith Irving reported the episode.

The Saw Amended.

Knicker-People was live in glass houses shouldn to Bocker-And people who live in white houses houldn't throw mud.

Kindred.

Enleker... What is the successor to the Bridge jam? Bocker... The Subway jelly.